And bewray thy treasons with a blush?
War. Can *Oxford* that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?
For shame leaue *Henry* and call *Edward* king.
Oxf. Call him my king by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord *Awbray Vere* was done to death,
And more than so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the dore of death?
No *Warwike* no, whilst life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the house of *Lancaster*.
War. And I the house of *Yorke*.
K Lewes. Queene *Margaret*, prince *Edward* and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbeare a while,
Till I doe talke a word with *Warwike*.
Now *Warwike* euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is Edward lawfull king or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull his.
War. Thereon *I* pawne mine honour and my credit.
Lew. What is he gratious in the peoples eies?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lew. What is his loue to our sister *Bona*?
War. Such it seemes
As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaues and fruite maintainde with beautis sun,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the ladie *Bona* quite his paine.
Lew. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolue.

Bona.

Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine,
But ere this daie *I* must confesse, when I
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.
Lew. Then draw neere Queene *Margaret* and be a
Witnesse, that *Bona* shall be wife to the English king.
Prince Edw. To *Edward*, but not the English king.
War. Henry now liues in *Scotland* at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to mainetaine your state,
And better twere to trouble him then *France*.

Sound for a post within.

Lew. Here comes some post *Warwike* to thee or vs.
Post. My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis *Montague*.
This from our king vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,
Smiles at her newes when *Warwike* frets as his.
P. Ed. And marke how *Lewes* stamps as he were nettled.
Lew. Now *Margaret* & *Warwike*, what are your news?
Queen. Mine such as fils my hart full of ioie.
War. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.
Lew. What hath your king married the Ladie *Gray*,
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?
Quee. This proueth *Edwards* loue, & *Warwiks* honesty.
War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope *I* haue of heauenlie blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeed of *Edwards*.

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